WHAT BEAT WILLIAM J. BRYAN.

(Written by George Wilson, of Lexington, Mo., a supporter of Bryan in 1896 and 1900.)

Several things, perhaps. But one thing there was, sufficient without the others, to beat him; and it will beat anybody for all time to come.

The latter is *greenbackism*.

William H. Allen, of the University of Pennsylvania, emphasizes the importance, the paramountcy of the business interests, in elections. All business now is carried on, more or less, by credit. Greenbackism says to the business man:

"We propose that instead of stepping around the corner and getting the money or currency from the bank with which to carry on your business, you get it directly from the federal treasury."

"Am I to wait till the right kind of a congress can be elected, and the machinery necessary to put in, and till it gets to working smoothly; and then take my chances of getting accommodations?" asks the business man. "Is my business to stand waiting till this new, raw, untried proposition in government socialism is tried?"

The average American borrower is too practical to leave what he now depends on, for such promises.

Greenbackism has been beaten every time it has given battle. It has been a veritable "snap" for the republican party; for it insures victory to oppose it, and gives the perpetual-national-debt bankers and their associates the chance to say that it is the attempt to restore constitutional coinage that defeats the democratic nominee.

From a party standpoint, democrats have no more business defending the republican invention of greenbackism than they have to drop the sociology of Jefferson and follow Hamilton.

But they have done it with a stubbornness, characteristic of the animal that made Missouri famous, except when Tilden caused them to declare in the Cincinnati platform:

"The Public Credit for Public Purposes Only."

Mr. Bryan has wanted to be president ever since he was fourteen years old. But he has never learned:

The principles of the science of money. —Money, April, 1901.

THE ROBIDOUX.

THE CONSERVATIVE is in receipt of the following communication in regard to this variously-spelled family, from Col. John Doniphan of St. Joseph; a nephew of Col. A. W. Doniphan, the western hero of the Mexican war.

ST. JOSEPH MO., May 17, 1901.

Mr. Editor: Your article (CONSERVATIVE, March 14, 1901) inquiring who were the different parties named Robidoux, that have figured in the public reports, stories and song, in the settlement of the West, and what relation they held to Joseph Robidoux (the patron saint of our city) and what connection he held to them, has been called to my attention, with a request that I would furnish the local papers with my information, and believing that under the circumstances you are entitled to it first, I will try to answer the inquiries as far as I am advised.

Joseph Robidoux was the son of a Canadian Frenchman, named Joseph Robidoux, a successful trader, who was born at Montreal, Canada, and moved to St. Louis about 1770. He also raised six sons and one daughter, called by name, Joseph, Louis, Antoine, Isadore, Francis, Michael and Pelagie. Joseph was born in St. Louis in 1783. He took an outfit, about 1803, to Chicago, or Fort Dearborn, but was robbed by Indians; he then travelled several years, and in 1809 went up the Missouri river with the American Fur Co.

His father entertained in royal style, and the first territorial legislature held its session at his mansion in St. Louis; his boys were amply educated and in 1801, at 18 years of age, Joseph married and had one child called "Young Joe;" this was the one who had goods at Dorain, Nebraska [St. Deroin, Nemaha Co?] and lived most of his life in Nebraska and died about ten years since. His mother died in 1805, and in 1809 his father took a stock of goods to Council Bluffs [Nebraska?] by keel-boat; he traded there for thirteen years, when he sold out to the American Fur Co., a competitor at the Bluffs, who paid him fifty per cent advance and three thousand dollars extra, and he agreed not to resume business with the Indians for three years.

He returned to St. Louis and become a baker until the time expired, and in 1826 he opened a stock of Indian goods at Black Snake Hills, now St. Joseph, which he had always remarked on his trips up and down the river as being a main crossing of the Missouri, between the Indian tribes. His son made one or two trips for hides from St. Joseph, but the old man made but one trip west with some goods in which he had an interest, to Clear Creek, Colorado, [after 1858, therefore.]

In 1813, while at Council Bluffs, he had married Angelique Vaudry [?] of St. Louis, by whom he had five sons and one daughter, all of whom are now dead. His wife died in 1857, and Joseph Robidoux died in May, 1868. The business houses closed and the entire population turned out to honor the character of this distinguished citizen.

His brother Louis went to Mexico in the early Santa Fe trade; became inimate with that trapper, Kit Carson, and is the one mentioned by Booneville [Captain Bonneville?] in 1823 at Green River and [Fort?] Bridger; he went to California before the Mexican war, and lived and died there.

Another brother, named Michael, was in Colorado, interested with old Joseph and one of the Saint Vrains and others in the fur trade prior to the Mexican war, and is the one mentioned as meeting Doniphan's regiment at Bent's Fort in 1846.

Soon after Joseph Robidoux settled at Council Bluffs in 1809, he had two children by an Otoe squaw, allied to the royal family of the Otoes. One was a son, who was given an Indian name, but nicknamed by the mother, and generally called Joseph. He lived with the tribe in Richardson county, Nebraska, near White Cloud, and died after his father. The daughter became the wife of the celebrated chief White Cloud. The son was often called young Joseph Robidoux, and often visited this city, and often figured in the police court on the charge of drunkenness.

There are few male descendants of Joseph Robidoux, as they are mostly females; there is one grandson of respectability and education living in Kansas City.

There may have been others named Robidoux that I did not know of by name or character.

Respectfully,
JNO. DONIPHAN.

The editor of THE CONSERVATIVE has known and respected the author of the foregoing for more than forty years. Col. Doniphan is sincerely thanked for this contribution to history, and importuned to become a constant writer for this journal. He can tell more of the early history of the Northwest, and tell it correctly, than any man now living.

WHITE WATER.

This totally-abstinent chief of the Otoes, mentioned by Mr. William Lowe in his reminiscences of Old Fort Kearney, is remembered by some of the old-timers as the owner of a green umbrella. It was very green and very lovely, and when White Water was in full fig he wore (besides the figleaf,) this umbrella and a large white collar, disdaining other adornment or covering. He was then a vision to dream of.

A successful forecast of the weather on his part is recalled from the fall of 1855, the second fall the white men had spent in Nebsaska. A bear was discovered one morning in the neighborhood of South Table Creek, and in the course of his forenoon's adventures he clambered up into a big leaning oak tree; the one that stands hard by the office of the Mattes Brewing Co., or one just like it. Here he was presently interviewed by the sheriff, William P. Birchfield, whose bullets were made of lead, lead, lead, and the bear died of them before long. His carcass was then drawn up town and exposed in front of Nuckolls, Heath & Van Doren's store, on the southeast corner of Main and Tenth streets; the first store built in Nebraska City. And Mr. White Water coming by, with some of his friends, paused to diagnose the coming winter, from the symptoms presented by the bear's feet, which were, as the saying is, worn to a frazzle. This, the Indian pointed out, showed that he had come a long way, and he concluded from it that he was on his way south to avoid the approaching moon of snowshoes; which must therefore be expected to be heap cold. And—it—was—a—ripper; if the winter before, instead of being one of the pleasantest ever known in the country, had been like it, there might not have been any inhabitants in Nebraska today.

They made out to eat the bear, but did not enjoy it very much. It made them think of dog meat, and that spoiled the pleasure.